

**TERROR**



NO. 36  
JUNE-JULY

# TALES



10¢

FROM THE

# CRYPT

FEATURING



THE CRYPT-KEEPER



THE OLD WITCH



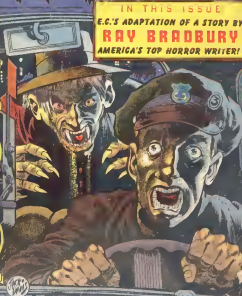
THE VAULT-KEEPER

IN THIS ISSUE

E.G.'S ADAPTATION OF A STORY BY

**RAY BRADBURY**

AMERICA'S TOP HORROR WRITER!



# THE



## "ARTIST OF THE ISSUE" • GEORGE EVANS



Latest permanent addition to the E.C. family, George R. Evans was born Feb. 3, 1920, in Harwood, Pa., of English and Pennsylvania Dutch ancestry. When George was nine, his family moved to Kulpmont, Pa., a coal-mining town. George's early art training came at fifteen from a correspondence course, which he paid for by working as a store clerk, coal-trucker, and mill hand. He also attended the Scranton Art School for one year. At 16, he had already started to sell illustrations to airplane pulp magazines, supplementing his income by sign-painting. Came the war, and George spent three years in the AAF, where, by diligence, application, and K.P., he rose to the grade of Plc. Decorations: one (1) Good Conduct Medal, grudgingly awarded. While in the army, George was stationed for a spell on Long Island. He liked it so much that upon being discharged, he came back there to live with his bride, whom he'd married six months previously. After returning to civilian life, George's first job was as a staff artist for another comic publishing house. He also attended night classes at the Art Students League in N. Y. C. George, his lovely wife Evelyn, and their four-year-old daughter, Carol, are now living in a cute little ranch house in Levittown, Long Island. His hobbies include: aviation . . . especially World War I vintage, loading, sports of all kinds, loafing, eating, and . . . you guessed it . . . loafing! George's work . . . which has been enthusiastically received by you readers . . . appears in E.C.'s three horror mags, two war mags, and two SuspensStory mags!

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# THE CRYPT OF TERROR

HEH, HEH! WELCOME, BOILS AND BOWLS... WELCOME TO THE CRYPT OF TERROR. THIS IS YOUR HORROR-  
MOST, THE CRYPT-KEEPER, INVITING YOU IN TO HEAR ANOTHER SHASTLY SELECTION FROM MY DISGUST-  
ING COLLECTION. PERHAPS, BEFORE I START MY CHILLING TALE, YOU MIGHT LIKE TO PLAY A LITTLE  
GAME WITH ME? LIKE... SAY... OLD MAID? I HAVE A REAL LIVE OLD MAID? NO? Oh... TOO BAD! THEN  
I'LL BEGIN THE BLOOD-CURLING TARY I CALL...

**FARE TONIGHT,  
FOLLOWED BY  
INCREASING  
CLOTTYNES...**



YOU SLAM DOWN THE TRUNK-LID OF YOUR TAXI-CAB AND LOOK AROUND. THE NIGHT IS DAMP AND A FAINT TRACE OF FOG DRIFTS IN FROM THE BAY, CHILLING YOU TO THE BONE. YOU STAND THERE FOR A MOMENT, SHIVERING. YOU FUMBLE IN YOUR JACKET POCKET FOR A CIGARETTE. PULL OUT A HALF EMPTY PACK AND SHAKE ONE BETWEEN YOUR LIPS. THE FLAME OF THE MATCH FLARES UP IN THE BLOOD, BURNS YOUR EYES, AND EVEN AFTER YOU'VE BLOWN IT OUT, ITS GLOW STILL DANCES BEFORE YOU...



YOU SHUFFLE AROUND TO THE FRONT OF YOUR CAR, BRINE OPEN THE DOOR, AND SETTLE INSIDE ON THE MOIST-COLD LEATHER DRIVER'S SEAT. YOU SIT THERE FOR A MOMENT, SUCKING IN THE DRY SMOKE FROM YOUR BUTT AND SWALLOWING IT WHOLE INTO YOUR LUNGS. THEN YOU START THE ENGINE.

THINK I'LL CRUISE THE WEST SIDE, TONIGHT!



THE FOG HAS SETTLED ITS BLANKET OF GREY MIST UPON YOUR WINDSHIELD, SO YOU SNAP ON THE WIPERS. INDUSTRIOUS LITTLE FINGERS WHIP BACK AND FORTH, SHAKING THE WATER AWAY. YOU PEER THROUGH THE CLEAR OPENING AT THE DISTORTED ASPHALT AHEAD. THE STREETS ARE DESERTED.

CRUISE? NOT A DOLL, AROUND! WHAT A NIGHT TO TRY TO SCRAPE UP A FARE!



NOW IT HAS BEGUN TO RAIN, A SOFT DRIZZLE AT FIRST, THEN HEAVIER, THEN HEAVIER... THE WATER CARBOADING BEFORE YOU... THE INDUSTRIOUS LITTLE WIPERS SCRAMBLING MADLY BACK AND FORTH... CLEARING IT AWAY, FIRST TO ONE SIDE... THEN THE OTHER.

WELL, THAT FINISHED IT! I'LL NEVER GET A FARE, NOW...



YOU CRUISE FOR A LITTLE WHILE LONGER, SEARCHING THE SIDEWALKS FOR A SIGNALING PASSERBY... A HOMEWARD-BOUND CUSTOMER. BUT YOU SEE NO ONE. YOU GRIND AND PULL UP TO A DESERTED HAZE.

NO USE WASTING GAS. I'LL PARK HERE BY THE SUBWAY EXIT.



YOU SHUT OFF THE ENGINE AND GET BACK, EXTRACTING ANOTHER BUTT FROM YOUR EMPTY PACK. A POOR BEAST TELLS YOU THAT A SUBWAY TRAIN HAS PULLED IN. A FEW SECONDS LATER, FIGURES POUR FROM THE SUBWAY EXIT...

TAXI? TAXILADY? TAXI?



THE SUBWAY RIDERS HURRY OFF INTO THE WET GLOOM. THE NEWSIEK AT THE CORNER CALLS AFTER THEM, TRYING TO UNLEASH HIS NIGHT'S PAPER DOGS.

READ ALL ABOUT IT! ANOTHER BODY FOUND! ANOTHER MURDER! READ ALL ABOUT IT!

TAXI? TAXI? TAXI?



THE RUSHING SHADOWS ARE GONE. THE NIGHT AND THE RAIN SETTLE DOWN AGAIN. YOU STARE ACROSS THE MIRRORING SIDEWALK TO THE NEWSSTAND. ANOTHER MURDER. CURIOSITY GETS THE BETTER OF YOU. YOU SNAP OPEN THE CAR-DOOR AND DART THROUGH THE RAIN TO THE PROTECTION OF THE STAND'S OVERHANG...

PAPER, MISTERY?

YEAH? THANKS!



YOU SETTLE BACK IN YOUR CAB AND MORE, LIGHT UP ANOTHER BUTT, AND OPEN THE PAPER. THE HEADLINES SCREAM AT YOU...

THE CORPSE OF A THIRTY YEAR OLD WOMAN WAS FOUND DRAINED OF ITS BLOOD LAST NIGHT THIS IS THE THIRTIETH VICTIM TO DATE...



ANOTHER MURDER. FORTYSEVEN OF THEM NOW. EACH BODY DRAINED OF ITS BLOOD. YOUR EYES SWEEP OVER THE COLUMNS OF TINY PRINT. THE DORY DETAILS. SUDDENLY, A PARAGRAPH CATCHES YOUR ATTENTION...

A SUGGESTION THAT A VAMPIRE MIGHT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THESE MURDERS WAS OFFERED BY DR. EGBERT MULLER, NOTED MYTHOLOGIST. POLICE HAVE REJECTED THIS POSSIBILITY.



YOU SHIVER. THE WORK OF A VAMPIRE. YOU LOOK AROUND UNCOMFORTABLY, PEERING OUT AT THE DOWNPOUR. THE RAIN POUNDS DOWN ON YOUR CAR-ROOF. CHATTERING LOUDLY...

A... A VAMPIRE? WHO WOULD BELIEVE THAT!



THE NIGHT STORM IS A TORRENT BEFORE YOUR EYES. THE DARKNESS MELTS FROM THE BLACKNESS ABOVE AND SPATTERS DOWN ON THE ENGINE HOOD... CASCADES DOWN THE WINDSHIELD IN SHEETS OF DANCING LIGHTS. SUDDENLY HE IS BEHIND YOU, HIS BLACK OVERCOAT COLLAR TURNED UP, COVERING THE LOWER PART OF HIS FACE... HIS BLACK HAT-BRIM TURNED DOWN, SHIELDING THE UPPER PART. ONLY HIS EYES GLARE LIKE FIRE-LIGHTS FROM THE RECESS OF THEIR SOCKETS...



HE MUTTERS THE STREET AND NUMBER AND SLIDES INTO THE BACK SEAT. HE CARRIES A BRIEFCASE, WHICH HE HOLDS ON HIS LAP. YOU MESH SEATS AND PULL AWAY, CRUMMING. A CUSTOMER... AT LAST, YOU GLANCE AT HIM IN THE MIRROR...



THE ANSWER IS CURT, ALMOST EBULLENT. IT IS A BREF ANNOUNCEMENT THAT HE CARES NOT TO CONVERSE. YOU SPRING AND GLIDE YOUR HEAD THROUGH THE REFLECTIONS AND THE TORRENTS TOWARD THE ADDRESS HE'S GIVEN YOU...



THE STREET IS IN ONE OF THE WORST NEIGHBORHOODS IN THE CITY... A NARROW, LITTER-STREAM, COBBLE-STONE ALLEY NESTED BETWEEN DAD-FACED, STAFFING TENEMENTS. YOUR FARE STEPS OUT INTO THE DOWNPOUR...



HE SCURRIES INTO A DARKENED HALLWAY AND DISAPPEARS INTO THE SHADOWS. YOU SHRINK, GLANCED AT THE METER, AND SETTLE BACK TO WAIT THE RAIN IS LETTING UP NOW. THE STREET IS A BLACK MIRROR REFLECTING THE SQUALL THAT RISE IT AT EITHER CURB. SOMETHING IN THE MIRROR CATCHES YOUR EYE...

HIS BRIEFCASE.

YOU TURN AROUND AND STARE AT THE SHINY NEW LEATHER BRIEFCASE YOUR CUSTOMER HAS LEFT ON THE BACK SEAT. THE GOLD INITIALS PULSATE IN THE LIGHT FROM THE STREET LAMP.

E.M., PH.D. / E.M., PH.D. / WHAT IS THERE ABOUT THOSE INITIALS?

THE NEWSPAPER ROLLED UP BESIDE YOU REMINDS YOU OF COURSE...

OF COURSE! E. M., EDBERT MULLER, THE NOTED MYTHOLOGIST, THE MAN WHO IS TRYING TO CONVINCE THE POLICE THAT THE ASSASSINATOR IS A VAMPIRE.

YOU PULL OUT YOUR PACK OF BUTTS, FISHING FOR ANOTHER CIGARETTE. THE PACK IS EMPTY. YOU CURSE. FAR DOWN THE BLOCK, AT THE CORNER, A DIM LIGHT FILTERS THROUGH A STORE WINDOW, SILHOUETTING THE LETTERS PAINTED ON IT.

BAR? THEY'D HAVE A CIGARETTE MACHINE.

YOU SWING FROM THE CAR AND START DOWN THE LONG DARK STREET. THE RAIN HAS STOPPED. A MUDDY STREAM OF WATER PUSHING HEADLONG AT THE CURBSIDE POURS DOWN INTO A FOUL-SMELLING SEWER, PULLING THE LAST TRACES OF RAIN WITH IT. UP ABOVE, THE CLOUDS ARE BREAKING UP... AND HERE AND THERE, A STAR BLINKS THROUGH A BLACK HOLE IN THE GREY COVER...

GOING TO BE A MICE NIGHT AFTER ALL.

YOU'RE ALMOST TO THE CORNER WHEN THE LIGHTS IN THE BAR WINDOW DISAPPEAR AND BLACKNESS DESCENDS. THE SIGN IN THE DOOR LAUGHS AT YOU, AND THE LAUGH SPREADS ACROSS THE DARK STREETS AND OFF THE GRIMING FACED OF THE TENEMENTS.

CLOSED! BLAST IT...

CLOSED

THE LAUGH DIES. SILENCE CLOSES IN, THICK, BLACK, FRIGHTENING SILENCE. STRANGE. NO RADIO PLAYING? NO BABY CRYING? NO SOUND OF THE PEOPLE THAT LIVE BEHIND THE MUTE TENEMENT FACADES? JUST SILENCE...

NO WONDER! THESE TENEMENTS ARE ALL BOARDED UP. THEY'RE DESERTED.

THEN WHY THE HELL? WHAT BUSINESS COULD A BAR DO IN A CONDEMNED TENEMENT DISTRICT? YOU START BACK TOWARD YOUR CAB, AND THEN YOU HEAR THEM... AT FIRST YOU THINK THEY'RE SOUNDS OF YOUR OWN... BUT WHEN YOU STOP, THEY CONTINUE...

FOOTSTEPS. SOMEONE'S FOLLOWING ME.



YOU QUICKEN YOUR STEPS, THE CAB IS A MILLION MILES AWAY BEHIND YOU, THE FOOTSTEPS INCREASE THEIR TEMPO TOO... YOU BEGIN TO RUN...

THE CAB? I'LL NEVER REACH IT IN TIME.



THE OPEN HALLWAY YAWNS AT YOU. YOU DUCK IN, CRINGING IN THE SHADOWS. A FIGURE HURRIES BY... BLACK OVERCOAT... BLACK HAT...

HIM? MY CUSTOMER? MULLER.



YOU HEAR HIS FOOTSTEPS POUNDING UP THE BLOCK. IN YOUR CHEST, YOUR HEART IS POUNDING TOO, THEN THE FOOTSTEPS STOP... AND YOUR HEART SKIPS A BEAT...

HE'S COMING BACK!



YOU BACK OFF INTO THE BLOCK. THE FOOTSTEPS APPROACH. HE STANDS FRAMED IN THE HALLWAY ENTRANCE. HIS EYES BURNING LIKE TWO WHITE-HOT COALS.

YOU CAN'T ESCAPE, MY FRIEND! YOU'RE TRAPPED!



HIS EYES SEEM TO PIERCE THE DARKNESS, SEEM TO SEARCH YOU OUT OF THE SHADOWS. CAN HE SEE YOU THERE? CAN HIS EYES PENETRATE THE NIGHT-LIKE AIR?

LIKE A BAT'S? LIKE A VAMPIRE'S?



YOU SHRIEK. YOU OPEN YOUR QUIVERING LIPS AND YOU SHRIEK. AND YOU TURN AND RUN... DOWN THE LONG-BLACK CORRIDOR, STUMBLING, SETTING UP, RUNNING AGAIN...

IT'S NO USE! YOU'RE TRAPPED! I'VE CAUGHT YOU!

NO! NO!



THE CELLAR DOOR HANGS CRAZILY ON BROKEN RUSTED HINGES. STEPS LEAD DOWNWARD INTO BLACKNESS. YOU LEAVE THROUGH...



THE STEPS, ROTTED AND DECAYED, GIVE WAY BENEATH YOUR WEIGHT AND YOU PLUNGE INTO THE DARKNESS...



YOU STRUGGLE TO YOUR FEET, ABOVE YOU, YOUR CUSTOMER PEERS DOWN THROUGH THE CELLAR DOORWAY...



SUDDENLY THERE ARE STRANGE SOUNDS ABOUT YOU, CREAKING NOISES, AND DEEP SINGS... AND FLUTTERINGS IN THE DARK. THE CELLAR IS FILLED WITH LOW EVIL-LOOKING BOXES, NO, NOT BOXES AT ALL...



THE LIDS HAVE COME ALIVE NOW, SLIPPING FROM THE COFFINS, SWINGING UPWARD, FALLING BACK, GRIM-FACED FIGURES, WITH SLANTED EYES AND FANGED MOUTHS OODING SPITTLE, RISE FROM THEIR DEPTHS...



THEY STUMBLE TOWARD YOU, SHRIEKING... LAUGHING... REACHING OUT...



AND THEN THEY ARE UPON YOU, THEIR FANGS RIPPING AND TEARING AT YOUR FLESH... THEIR DRY LIPS CLOSING OVER YOUR WOUNDS, DRAWING THE LIFE-FLUID THAT POURS RED FROM THEM...





THE SCREAM ECHOES AND RE-ECHOES IN YOUR EARS. YOU CLAW AT THE COLD LEATHER SEAT, AND YOU OPEN YOUR EYES...

HUNT WHAT... WHERE AM I?



THE RAIN CHATTERS ON YOUR CAB ROOF, PEOPLE POUR FROM THE SUBWAY EXIT, THE NEWSIE CHANTS AT THEM...

READ ALL ABOUT IT! ANOTHER BOOBY FOUND! ANOTHER MURDER! READ ALL ABOUT IT!



YOU'RE BACK AT THE BACK-STAND, BY THE SUBWAY EXIT, THE REALISTIC SCAMS UPON YOU...

I... I FELL ASLEEP. I'VE BEEN DREAMING!



YOU STARE DOWN AT THE OPEN PAPER ON YOUR LAP HIS NAME SEEMS TO RISE FROM THE BLOODS OF TYPE... MAGNIFIED... BLACK AND SHINING...

DR. ROBERT MULLER? WHY DID I DREAM ABOUT HIM? WHY?



AND THEN HE IS BESIDE YOU, HIS BLACK OVERCOAT PULLED UP, HIS BLACK HAT-BRIM TURNED DOWN, AND HIS EYES GLARING LIKE FIRE-LIGHTS

BUSH?

NO BREE? HOP IN? WHERE TO?



YOU DON'T HAVE TO LOOK AT THE INITIALS ON THE BRIDGE-CASE HE IS CARRYING. YOU KNOW WHO HE IS. HE MUTTERS THE STREET AND NUMBER AND GLIDES INTO THE BACK SEAT. YOU MESH GEARS AND PULL AWAY...

WHY DID I DREAM ABOUT HIM? AND THE VAMPIRES... ATTACKING ME? WHAT DID IT ALL MEAN?



SUDDENLY, YOU KNOW THE MEANING OF YOUR NIGHTMARE, AND YOU KNOW WHAT YOU MUST DO...

THIS ISN'T THE WAY...

IT'S A SHORT-CUT, DOCTOR MULLER...



YOU STOP THE CAR. IT'S ONE OF THE WORST NEIGHBORHOODS IN THE CITY. THE NEIGHBORHOOD YOU DREAMED ABOUT.

YOU, YOU KNOW ME?

'YES, DOCTOR' GET OUT...



IT'S CLEAR NOW. THE WHOLE DREAM IS CLEAR. DR. ROBERT MULLER IS A THREAT TO YOU. THAT'S WHY YOU DREAMED OF HIM FOLLOWING YOU... TRACKING YOU DOWN...

MY... MY BRIEFCASE! I LEFT IT ON THE SEAT!

YOU WON'T NEED IT, DOC.



AND THE VAMPIRES... THE ONE THAT ATTACKED YOU IN THE CELLAR. DOCTOR MULLER KNOWS ABOUT VAMPIRES. ALL ABOUT THEM SOONER OR LATER HE'D CONVINCE THE POLICE.

WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME? THIS HALLWAY. IT'S SO DARK...

KEEP GOING!



IT WOULD BE HIS WISE KNOWLEDGE OF VAMPIRES THAT WOULD FINALLY MEAN YOUR ULTIMATE DEATH. THE DREAM MADE SENSE. THE DREAM WAS A WARNING.

WHO ARE YOU? WHO DO YOU SERVE?  
NO! NO! MY GOD!

'YES, DOCTOR' YES...



HE STRUGGLES, BUT YOU ARE STRONG. YOU BEND AND SHREK YOUR FANGS INTO HIS SOFT WHITE CERVICAL NECK... DRAWING IN THE THICK RED LIFE-FLUID THAT YOU MUST HAVE...



AND WHEN THE LAST DROP IS GONE, YOU FLING HIS LIFELESS BODY DOWN THE ROTTED CELLAR STEPS WITH THE OTHERS. ONLY THIRTEEN VICTIMS? HAH! WANT TELL THEY FIND THE REST DOWN THERE? AS DAWN BREAKS, YOU OPEN THE TRUNK OF YOUR CAR, CRAWL IN ONTO THE THIN LAYER OF SOIL AND YAWN...

IS... NO-HW... BETTER GET A GOOD DAY'S REST TODAY? IMAGINE... A VAMPIRE FALLING ASLEEP AT NIGHT? AND DREAMING, YET...



HEH, HEH, NOW SOME PEOPLE MIGHT ACCUSE ME OF SPINNING BLACK FABLES, BUT YOU WOULDN'T AGREE, WOULD YOU, RICHIE? THE ONLY THING I'M BUILT OF IS TRUTH AND YOUR IMAGINATION. ONCE IN A WHILE, WELL, I'VE GOT TO MEET FRIENDS, SO I'LL TURN YOU OVER TO THE WALT-KEEPER FOR AN OFFERING. WOULD THE FRIENDS YOU MET ON SOME SOONER I MEAN. THEY SPOTTED HIM AS A NICK WHEN HE CAME TO NEW YORK. SOLD HIM THE VAMPIRE STATE BLOODING. ISN'T THAT A BLOODY SHAME? 'WELL, NOW. DID YOU EVER HEAR OF HIM LATER?



# THE VAULT OF HORROR!

WELTER VENTURE INTO THE VAULT, VULTURES. THIS IS YOUR HOOP IN HOWLS, THE VAULT-KEEPER, READY TO NARRATE ANOTHER HAUNTING NOVELLETTE FROM MY GRENLY COLLECTION. SO COME IN, SIT DOWN ON THAT FILE OF SHOE-BOXES THERE, AND I'LL BEGIN THE BLOOD-CURDLING TALE I CALL...

## CURIOSITY KILLED...



THERE ISN'T MUCH TIME LEFT, HE'S RIGHT OUTSIDE THE BEDROOM DOOR. SOONER OR LATER HE'LL GET IT OPEN AND I'LL... I'LL BE MURDERED, I'M SCRAMBLING THIS DOWN AS FAST AS I CAN SO YOU'LL KNOW THE WHOLE STORY, MY NAME IS HENRIETTA CLAYTON I LIVE IN THE MORAL ARMS APARTMENT HOTEL, IT ALL STARTED THE MORNING I WENT DOWN THE HALL TO VISIT MY FRIEND, EMILY DUNHAM.

VERY OF, IT'S YOU, MRS. CLAYTON.

IS EMILY AT HOME, MR. OSWALD? I, UM, WANTED TO GET A RECIPE.



FIRST LET ME SAY THAT, EVER SINCE I'D KNOWN HIM, WALLACE DURAND HAD ALWAYS BEEN SHY, QUIET, AND COMPLETELY DOMINATED BY HIS WIFE, EMILY. THAT MORNING, HE SEEMED LIKE AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT PERSON. HE BRANNED AT ME...

EMILY'S GONE, MRS. CLAYTON SHE'S TAKEN A TRIP... TO THE COAST... TO VISIT RELATIVES.

*OH? SHE DIDN'T MENTION IT!*



WALLACE DURAND STOOD STRAIGHT, LOOKING AT ME DEFIANTLY. HE SEEMED TALLER SOMETIME... TALLER THAN HE'D EVER BEEN... LIKE HEAVY WEIGHTS HAD BEEN DROPPED FROM HIS THICK SHOULDERS...

IT WAS SUDDEN, MRS. CLAYTON. SHE LEFT LAST NIGHT, AND NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME...

Y-YES, MR. DURAND? I'M SORRY I DISTURBED YOU...



HE BLANNED THE DOOR... BLANNED IT, MIND YOU! MR. DURAND... THE MIDDLE-TOAST... THE FEAKING... BLANNED THE DOOR IN MY FACE, I STOOD THERE SHOOKED! I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT...

WHAT... WHAT'S COME OVER HIM? HE'S LIKE A DIFFERENT MAN! HE'S NEVER ACTED LIKE THAT!



EMILY'S GONE AWAY BEFORE, BUT WALLACE DURAND HAD NEVER BEHAVED THAT WAY WHILE SHE'S BEEN GONE. IT WAS AS IF HE KNOW SHE WASN'T COMING BACK...

SOMETHING'S WRONG, I FEEL IT IN MY BONES! HE'S... HE'S DONE SOMETHING TO EMILY...



I RANG FOR THE ELEVATOR. A COLD SHIVER RAN UP MY SPINE. I GLANCED AT MY WATCH, 8:40 STILL TIME...



MORNING, MRS. CLAYTON.

GOOD MORNING, GEORGE... ER... YOU SEEM ON ALL RIGHT?

SINCE NINE P.M., WASN'T ANYTHING WRONG?

DID YOU TAKE MRS. DURAND DOWN LAST NIGHT, GEORGE? EMILY DURAND? SHE WOULD HAVE HAD A SUITCASE...



NO, WAH? I BROUGHT YOU AND MRS. DURAND UP AT TEN P.M. LAST NIGHT, REMEMBER? THAT'S THE LAST I SAW OF HER, DIDN'T TAKE HER DOWN LAST NIGHT AT ALL!

I SEE? ER... SUPPOSE SHE WALKED DOWN, GEORGE? WHO'D SHE SEE NEXT?



WALKED DOWN, MRS. SLAYTON? FOURTEEN FLOORS? I HARDLY THINK SHE'D *BALK* DOWN SIDES. IF SHE DID, JED WOULD HAVE SEEN HER. HE WAS AT THE DESK ALL NIGHT. WORKIN' THE SWITCHBOARD.

ASK HIM FOR ME, WILL YOU, GEORGE? ASK JED IF HE SAW MRS. OR MR. DURAND LAST NIGHT!

GEORGE NODDED. THE ELEVATOR DOOR SLID CLOSED, AND IT WHIRRED AWAY. I WATCHED THE HAND ABOVE SWING SLOWLY AROUND TOWARDS ONE. I WENT BACK TO MY OWN APARTMENT. MILTON WAS GETTING INTO HIS COAT. MILTON IS MY HUSBAND.

WELL, HENRIETTA. MILTON? HE'S GOOD-BYE! I'M OFF... *KILLED HER!*

HUH? WHO? MR. DURAND? HE'S KILLED EMILY? I KNOW IT!



MILTON LOOKED AT ME AND BEGAN TO GIGGLE...

WALLY? KILL EMILY? DON'T BE SILLY! HE... HE WOULDN'T HAVE THE NERVE! WHAT MAKES YOU THINK SO?

HE'S ACTING SO STRANGELY, SO JED. HE SAID EMILY WENT ON A TRIP. BUT I REMEMBER, SHE HADN'T LEFT THIS BUILDING SINCE WE CAME HOME FROM THE WOMEN'S SOCIAL LAST NIGHT.



I HEARD THE ELEVATOR DOOR OUTSIDE SLIDE OPEN. I PEERED OUT, GEORGE WAS COMING TOWARD MY APARTMENT.

WELL, GEORGE? WHAT DID JED SAY?

HE SAID *NOBODY* CAME DOWN THOSE STAIRS LAST NIGHT, MA'AM. *BUT NOBODY...*



I THANKED GEORGE AND HE SHUFFLED OFF. I TURNED TO MILTON... THEN SHE'S STILL IN THERE, MILTON? POOR EMILY... LYIN' DEAD IN THAT APARTMENT.

DON'T YOU THINK THAT IF WALLY DID MURDER EMILY, HE'D HAVE GOTTEN RID OF HER BODY, HENRIETTA?



NOW, MILTON? THAT'S JUST IT! HOW? HE COULDN'T CARRY HER BODY DOWN FOURTEEN FLOORS! BESIDES, JED SAID NOBODY CAME DOWN THE STAIRS LAST NIGHT. HE COULDN'T TAKE HER DOWN IN THE ELEVATOR AND THE FIRE ESCAPE WOULD BE TOO RISKY. NO? SHE'S STILL IN THERE!

WELL, I'M LATE. I'VE GOT TO GO TO THE OFFICE. LOOK, HENRIETTA. IF YOU'RE SO SURE, WHY DON'T YOU CALL THE POLICE?



MILTON LEFT AND I HEARD THE ELEVATOR COME AND TAKE HIM DOWN. I WENT TO THE PHONE. I PICKED UP THE RECEIVER. I HESITATED...

I I CAN'T CALL THE POLICE. I HAVE NO PROOF. I'VE GOT TO HAVE PROOF.



I PUT DOWN THE PHONE AND WENT TO THE KITCHEN. I TOOK A MEASURING CUP FROM THE CUPBOARD AND WENT DOWN THE HALL TO THE DURAND APARTMENT. I KNOCKED. I HEARD FOOTSTEPS MOVING AROUND INSIDE, AND WALLACE DURAND OPENED THE DOOR...

OH, IT'S YOU AGAIN, NOW? WHAT?

COULD I BORROW A CUP OF SUGAR, MR. DURAND? I'M A LITTLE SHORT.



I STARTED IN BUT MR. DURAND BLOCKED MY WAY. HE LIFTED THE CUP FROM MY HAND.

I'LL GET IT FOR YOU, MRS. CLAYTON.

OH, THANKS.



HE CLOSED THE DOOR AND LOCKED IT. HE WOULDN'T LET ME IN. HE WAS HIDING SOMETHING, ALL RIGHT. EMILY WAS IN THERE? POOR EMILY.

HERE YOU ARE?

SORRY TO BOTHER YOU, MR. DURAND.



HE SLAMMED THE DOOR. I WAS ALONE IN THE HALL. I WENT BACK TO MY APARTMENT, MY HAND SHOOK...

ALL RIGHT, WALLACE DURAND! ALL RIGHT! I'LL GET THE PROOF, YOU'LL SEE...



I PULLED A CHAIR UP TO THE APARTMENT DOOR AND SAT DOWN. I OPENED IT A CRACK SO I COULD WATCH THE DURANDS' DOOR. I WAITED. AFTER AN HOUR, MR. DURAND CAME OUT... LOCKED THE DOOR CAREFULLY... AND PRESSED THE ELEVATOR BELL.



WHEN HE WAS GONE, I DARTED ACROSS THE LIVING ROOM AND OUT THE FRENCH DOORS. THE DURANDS AND WE SHARED A TERRACE. I CROSSED THE LOW DIVIDING WALL AND PEERED INTO THEIR APARTMENT THE BUNGLE WOULD SPRAY. I COULDN'T SEE. THE DOOR WAS LOCKED.

I WON'T GIVE UP, I WON'T. HE'S GOING TO HAVE TO TRY TO GET RID OF MY BODY, AND WHEN HE DOES...



ABOUT TWO HOURS LATER, WALLACE DURAND CAME BACK. HE CARRIED A SMALL CARTON ABOUT THE SIZE OF A SHOE-BOX...



HE LET HIMSELF INTO HIS APARTMENT, AND I HEARD HIM LOCK IT FROM THE INSIDE. I TOOK THE CUP OF SUGAR AND WENT DOWN THE HALL AND KNOCKED...



HE SEEMED ANNOYED. HE SMATCHED THE SUGAR, LOCKED THE DOOR, AND RETURNED WITH THE EMPTY GLASS...



HE SLAMMED THE DOOR IN MY FACE.



HE WAS HIDING SOMETHING ALL RIGHT. IT WAS OBVIOUS. I WAS DETERMINED TO PROVE HIS HORRIFICOUS DEED. SO I WATCHED EVERY DAY. HE WENT OUT IN THE MORNING **EMPTY HANDED**...



AND EVERY DAY HE CAME BACK WITH ANOTHER SHOE-BOX...



FINALLY AFTER TWO MONTHS OF THIS... GOING OUT **EMPTY-HANDED** AND COMING BACK TWO HOURS LATER WITH THE INVARIABLE **SHOE BOX**, I ACCUSED HIM ONE DAY...



I THOUGHT MY EARS WERE DECEIVING ME. I HEARD IT PLAIN AS DAY, A SCRATCHING SOUND INSIDE THE BOX HE WAS CARRYING...

"N-NEVER, MR. DURAND?" EMILY'S LEFT ME FOR GOOD? NOW IF YOU DON'T MIND...



HE WENT INSIDE. I WENT BACK TO MY APARTMENT. I TRIED TO THINK. WHAT DID HE HAVE IN THAT BOX? WAS EMILY'S BODY STILL IN THAT APARTMENT, OR HAD WALLACE DURAND MANAGED TO GET RID OF IT? AND THEN, THAT NIGHT, AS I RODE THE LIVING ROOM FLOOR...



WHAT'S THAT?

THERE WAS A FLAPPING SOUND OUT ON THE TERRACE. I TIPTOED TO THE FRENCH DOOR. WALLACE DURAND WAS OUT THERE... AND HE HAD SOMETHING IN HIS OUTSTRETCHED HANDS...



A. A. PIGEON!

MR. DURAND CHECKED THE SMALL CAN STRAPPED TO THE PIGEON'S LEG. THEN HE TOSSED THE BIRD INTO THE AIR AND WATCHED IT FLY OFF INTO THE NIGHT...



A... NOTHING PIGEON!

WORE UP MILTON, I TOLD HIM WHAT I'D SEEN...

SO WHAT? WHAT IN BLAZES WAS ONE THING TO DO WITH THE OTHER?

DON'T YOU SEE, MILTON? HE'S BEEN GETTING RID OF EMILY'S REMAINS THAT WAS A LITTLE BIT AT A TIME... IN THAT CAN STRAPPED TO THE PIGEON'S LEG...



GOOD LORD. IT WOULD TAKE MONTHS!

I'M GOING TO CALL THE POLICE.



HOW WOULD YOU WANT TO BE SURE? WHY DON'T YOU FOLLOW HIM TOMORROW MORNING? FIND OUT WHERE HE SETS THOSE BIRDS?



AND THEN I'LL SEE WHAT HE DOES WITH THE CONTENTS OF THE CAN.

THAT'LL BE THE PROOF YOU NEED!

YES, YES...





I TOOK MILTON'S ADVICE... AND THE NEXT DAY, I FOLLOWED WALLACE DURAND WHEN HE LEFT THE ROYAL ARMS APARTMENT HOTEL. HE TOOK A SUBWAY OUT OF THE CITY TO THE END OF THE LINE, THEN A BUS. I FOLLOWED THE BUS IN A TAXI...

HE'S GETTING OFF ALL RIGHT, DRIVER. I'LL GET OUT HERE...



MR. DURAND WENT TO THE REAR OF A RUNDOWN SHACK. I COULD HEAR THE LOUD BARKING OF DOGS...

SO THAT'S IT...



IT WAS ALL SO CLEAR. I WATCHED MINUTELY THE CAR FROM THE HORROR FLOOR THAT HAD ARRIVED THAT NIGHT AND EMPTY THE CONTENTS INTO THE KENNEL FULL OF SLAB-BERINE HUNGRY GUARDS...



THEN HE TOOK ANOTHER PIECE FROM THE COUP, PLACED IT IN A SHOE-BOX AND WENT AWAY. I WAITED UNTIL HE WAS GONE BEFORE I CAME OUT OF MY HIDE-PLACE. I FELT SICK... NAUSEOUS. POOR EMILY! WHEN I FINALLY GOT BACK TO MY APARTMENT...

MILTON YOU'RE HOME EARLY?

YES, EMILY! COME IN! I'VE BEEN WAITING!



MILTON LOOKED STRANGE. HE HAD A WILD GLEAM IN HIS USUALLY SAD EYES. EMILY AND I HAD BEEN ATTRACTED TO EACH OTHER BECAUSE WE WERE SO MUCH ALIKE... DOMINATING WIVES WHO LOGGED OVER SHY, QUIET, MILDHEARTED HUSBANDS...

MILTON! WHAT... WHAT'S THAT YOU HAVE THERE?

A SHOE-BOX, EMILY...



I HEARD THE UNMISTAKABLE COOING OF A PIGEON...

I SCREAMED AND RUSHED FOR THE BED-ROOM. I LOOKED MYSELF IN. I WAS TRAPPED. MILTON DISBOLED... HIS VOICE DRIFTING THROUGH THE DOOR...

WE PLANNED IT THIS WAY, HENRIETTA! FIRST WALLY, THEN WE'VE RENTED THE SHACK, THE DOGS, THE PIGEONS... BUT YOU FOUND OUT... TOO SOON...



THE DOOR IS OPENING. I'LL HAVE TO STOP WRITING... SO NOW, EVEN THOUGH WALLY ISN'T THROUGH GETTING RID OF EMILY'S BOOT... I'LL HAVE TO START HENRIETTA... START BY KILLING YOU... THEN CUTTING YOU UP INTO TINY LITTLE PIECES... BIG ENOUGH TO FIT IN CANS...



HE'S COMING TOWARD ME. HE'S

AT THIS POINT OUR MANUSCRIPT ENDS, KIDDIES... ENDS IN A BLOODY SWEAR! HENRIETTA IS NOW... FOR THE BLOOD! NOW DID I GET HOLD OF THIS LITTLE YARN, YOU ASK? SO WHO DO YOU THINK OWNED THE SHACK, THE DOGS... THE PIGEONS?

THAT WAS THE DEAL! WALLY AND MILTON GOT THE USE OF THEM FOR THE STORY RIGHTS, NEENER. NOW I'LL TURN YOU BACK TO THE SHIRT-KEEPER. SEE YOU NEXT IN MY MAG, 'THE KING OF HORROR'! TILL THEN, COOOO!



THE END 7

**WE AT E.C. ARE PROUDEST  
OF OUR SCIENCE - FICTION  
MAGAZINES! LOOK FOR...**



**LOOK FOR  
THESE SEALS  
WHEN YOU BUY!**

**THEY ARE YOUR ASSURANCE OF TOP  
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**WEIRD SCIENCE - WEIRD FANTASY**

**AND THE 25¢ ANNUAL ANTHOLOGIES:**

**WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY**

**TWO-FISTED ANNUAL - TALES OF TERROR**

**TIGHT  
SQUEEZE!**

Not ten seconds after Kendall had seized the payroll bag and started toward the factory exit, he knew he was being pursued. He could hear their feet clattering along the concrete walk behind him, then a shot screamed along the corridor and ricocheted off the wall not five feet from his head. They were armed . . . and they meant business. And from the sound their shoes were making, there were at least three guards tracking him.

Almost in panic, Kendall clawed at his coat pocket and fumbled his gun free as he ran. It was the three guards against him . . . their lives against his own, he thought as he fled. They had him badly outnumbered . . . there wasn't much chance for him to escape . . .

Then he saw the steel staircase spiraling up far overhead to the catwalk which ran the length of the factory. This might help him squeeze out of the trap, Kendall thought, as he raced frenziedly up the steps. In another moment he was scampering along the catwalk and could hear them pounding up the steps after him. In a second they'd have him cornered; if he turned to fight, their bullets would cut him down in the first exchange of hot lead. And if he surrendered, it meant conviction for the fourth time . . . imprisonment for the rest of his life!

He stopped momentarily, amazement on his face. There, just a short

jump below, was a small area surrounded by steel walls. If he could just reach that haven, he'd be able to shoot at the guards as they came after him along the catwalk. And their own shots would be shrugged aside by those gleaming metal plates!

The jump jarred him more than he had expected: it was a half-minute before he recovered his balance and turned back to face the oncoming guards. The first of them reared up above him, leveled his gun. But he never pulled the trigger, because a bullet from below sent him reeling backwards.

Kendall crouched lower behind the steel walls . . . heard the guards' bullets ploughing into the plates with a shrill whine, then bounce harmlessly aside. He was safe, Kendall grinned to himself. At least for the moment. They couldn't get him with their guns . . . and if the two remaining guards gave him even the slightest target, he'd shoot to kill! Just one shot at each of the guards . . . that was all Kendall wanted . . .

A whirring sound made him pause in fear. He must be seeing things, he thought . . . but no! The steel plates that sheltered him . . . they were grinding toward one another, moving together ominously! He leaped to his feet and began to scream out his surrender, but it was too late! The walls could not be stopped . . . already they were pressing against him on each side. Already they were crushing his chest and legs . . . squeezing the breath out of his tortured lungs . . . mashing him into a bloody shadow on the sides of the huge steel vise he had heedlessly plunged into!



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# THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER

Heh, heh! Guess all you EVANS fans can stop howling now! Guesswe: George's biography and picture, is you probably noticed, and if you haven't, why not?, is on the inside front cover of this merrily mad. And now YOU can stop howling TOO, George! Ya Gods, these OPTICAL artists! Glory . . . glory . . . all they want is lute and fete! Now take ME! All I want is FORTUNE . . . and all I get is FANOUIS! (IN-Jenour would be a BETTER word, C.K. old boy/adviser) I don't see them handing YOU TWO any lazel wreaths, you moon-bungy perverts! (Mduy? What's "mooey," Al? Diana, Sil. Sound familiar, has there been any been none of that mad 'round HERE in some time?-ed) Ah, you poor, poor boys! Isn't it a joy? You'll have to drive your LAST YEAR'S Cadillac for a while yet! (But C.K.' The ASH-TRAYS are FULL!-ed) Radio-baita, I presume (O) course . . . and KING-SIZE, too!-ed) Oh, DIG those CRA-ZY good-nesses! And now for the mail!

**Dear Crypt-Keeper,**

We are three intellectual college ghosts who spend our evenings reading your degenrate literature. The protagonists in your most horrible stories remind us of some of our long-lost dates. (Now we know what happened to them!) Due to our advanced education, we are properly equipped to fully appreciate your subtlety and sarcasm. Please print this as we boysen! De-pressantly yours,

Slimy Syd  
Mammified Myras  
Last Place Jester

**PROTAGONISTISER!** Man! DIG those CRA-ZY co-ed!

**Dear Paul & Pats,**

All of your stories turned everyone in the house a lovely shade of green. My Aunt Maxine was eating when she read your book, and she's been in the refrigerator to cooled word, so don't throw it up to me! for the past week I personally thank you must be crazy, but then aren't we all?

Edwina Zornich  
Sawdust, Ohio

**CRA-ZY, man! That's what I up!** DIG those CHARTEUSE Obscure!

**Most Beloved Crypt-Keeper,**

I'm a steady fan of yours, and enjoy all of the EC mags very much! Here are a few additional titles for your "horror hot parade":

LADY OF PAIN! (I will give you!)  
GONE SQUISHIN'  
FLEA DISMEMBER APRIL!  
CAN'T HELP LOATHING THAT CLAN OF NINE

Ralph Chapman  
Anchorage, Alas.

THE WHITE STUFF OF DOVER  
ALL OF ME . . . WHY NOT EAT ALL  
OF ME . . .  
I'M PURIN' OVER MY DEAD DOG  
ROVER

Dick Daggan  
Delaware, Iowa

**MAN!** That dog is REAL GONE!

*How about that?!*  
JUMBLED EYEBALLS  
THE BLOODIEST BITE OF THE EAR  
I WANT A GHOUL JUST LIKE THE  
GHOUL THAT BURIED DEAR OLD  
DAD

Mama (Ma) Miller  
Chicago, Ill.

**DIG** that CRA-ZY barbershop!

*How do you like:*  
OLD MACDONALD WAS ENAMELED  
WHEN YOU AND I WERE HUNG,  
MAGGIE!

Dave Gordon and  
Dick Myra  
Brookline, Mass.

**DIG** that . . . (My C.K.) Ditch the best . . . have  
come COPS in a SQUAD CAR . . . does' 90 mph!  
-ed)

[[OOOOOOOHHH]]!  
(O.K., C.K./They're gone!-ed.)  
**MAN!** I thought they'd NEVER leave!

**Dear C.K.,**

The story by Ray Bradbury, "There Was an Old Woman" (T.C. No. 34) was tops! I read the original, but Ingels did it more than justice with his fine illustrations!

Warren A. Freiberg  
Chicago, Ill.

*... I love your mag, but I think that Ray Bradbury's  
story . . . stunk! What happened?*

Ed Redding  
Paterson, N. J.

Well, we can't please EVERYBODY! Anyway, Mr. FREIBERG will be happy to find EC's adaptation of Mr. B's "The Handler" . . . also illustrated by Ghastly Ghastran Ingels! . . . in the wind-up spot of that issue. Before closing, a couple of "it's-gonna-cost-you-money-if-a-ye-er-er-er-enough-to-bee" announcements. A limited number (seven hundred fifty-two thousand one hundred and sixty-nine) of copies of the 3rd annual TALES OF TERROR, EC's anthology of horror and Suspense, are now clattering up the office. Help us unload 'em! Also . . . subscriptions to any EC mag 71c 6 issues! Address for either or both of the above, mail, poetry, books, letters, or 1953 Cadillac lot:

The Crypt-Keeper  
Room 106, Dept. 36  
223 Lafayette St.  
N. Y. C. 12, N. Y.

**DKS** that CRA-ZY webby!

*here's some more*

HERE'S A TERROR-TALE OF  
SPORTING LIFE! I CALL IT...

# HOW GREEN WAS MY ALLEY



HIS JOB AS A TRAVELING SALESMAN HAD ENABLED ROBERT TO KEEP UP THE DECEPTION FOR THREE EXCITING YEARS. IT HAD BEEN SO SIMPLE TO CARRY ON HIS DOUBLE LIFE, SPENDING A WEEK WITH ANNE, A WEEK WITH JEAN, AND TWO WEEKS ON THE ROAD. YES, ROBERT SMITH WAS A MIGHTY...

**MUST YOU GO, BOB? YOU KNOW HOW I MISS YOU WHEN YOU'RE AWAY.**

**NOT TO EARN A LIVING, ANNE. MONEY WILL, GOOD-BYE, SEE YOU IN A MONTH.**



ROBERT LOOKED DOWN AT SLIM, DARK-HAIRED ANNE. SHE DRINKED SLEEPILY IN THE BED, REACHING TOWARD HIM.

**KISS ME GOOD-BYE AND WISH ME LUCK. THE NATIONAL WOMAN'S AMATEUR ATHLETIC TOURNAMENTS ARE TWO WEEKS OFF...**

**SAY? I ALMOST FORGOT YOUR GOLF TOURNAMENT. I DROUGHT YOU SOME THING.**



ROBERT WENT OUT TO THE CAR. HE UNLATCHED THE TRUNK. INSIDE WERE TWO CAREFULLY WRAPPED PACKAGES. HE CHOSE ONE AND BROUGHT IT BACK INTO THE HOUSE TO THE BEDROOM...



HERE, HONEY! FOR ME, FOR LUCK! BEST HOW SWEET! WHAT IS IT?



ROBERT PUT OUT HIS HAND...  
WAIT! DON'T OPEN IT! YOU'RE SO RUSHY! NOT UNTIL YOU GET TO YOURSELF FOURMAYN! IT'S A SURPRISE! IT MAY HELP YOU WIN...  
YOU'RE SO THOUGHTFUL! FOL, DAFUM!



AMY PUT DOWN THE PACKAGE AND SLIPPED HER ARMS AROUND ROBERT'S NECK...  
I REALLY HAVE TO GET GOING, HONEY. IT'S LATE EVENING...  
BEAST! HOW CAN BUSINESS BE MORE IMPORTANT THAN... PLEASURE?

ROBERT SLIPPED AWAY FROM AMY AND PICKED UP HIS BAGS. SHE FOLLOWED HIM TO THE DOOR...



YOU'LL COME DOWN AND SEE ME PLAY, SOFT TWO WEEKS FROM TOMORROW... AT THE N.R.A.A. COURSE IN SPRING DALE. I'LL BE AT THE HOTEL! I'VE RESERVED A DOUBLE ROOM!  
OF COURSE, HONEY! YOU KNOW I WOULDN'T MISS MY WIFE'S CAPTURING THE WOMEN'S NATIONAL AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP!

BOB CHUCKLED AS HE DROVE OFF...



MY ATHLETIC WOMEN. LITTLE DID I KNOW, WHEN I SUGGESTED TO AMY THAT SHE TAKE UP GOLF WHILE I WAS AWAY ON THE ROAD, THAT SHE'D BECOME SUCH AN EXPERT GOLFER. NOW SHE'S ENTERED IN THE N.R.A.A. CHAMPIONSHIPS.

THE CAR ROARED NORTH THROUGH SMALL TOWNS AND OVER MILES OF HIGHWAYS UNTIL, THE NEXT NIGHT...



HOR, HONEY! I THOUGHT YOU'D BE BACK TONIGHT! I CAME HOME FROM PRACTICE EARLY...  
JEAN, BABY!

SHE THROSE HER BOOK TO THE FLOOR AND HE WAS IN HER ARMS. JEAN WAS HEAVIER THAN ANY MORE MUSCULAR. HER HAIR FELL IN SOFT GOLDEN TRESSSES ABOUT HER BARE SHOULDERS...



OH, DARLING! I MISSED YOU! I MISSED YOU!  
AND I MISSED YOU, JEAN. I DON'T LIKE THIS ONE-FEET-A-MONTH DEAL ANY MORE THAN YOU! GO...

HEY, HEY! WELL, BODDIE, THAT'S THE PICTURE. LOVER BOY COMMITTED BETWEEN RIVALS. ONE WEEK WITH SLIM, SWEET ANY - ONE WEEK WITH BUCKO JEAN FOR THREE YEARS, THIS LITTLE BASKET HAD BEEN GOING ON ANY TOOK UP SELF WHILE ROBERT DARLING WAS ON THE ROAD. KNOW WHAT JEAN TOOK UP? READ ON...



THE WEEK WAS OVER. JEAN AND BOB WERE SAYING GOOD-BYE...

WHAT IS IT, BOB? DON'T OPEN A SURPRISE... IF JEAN YOU MENTIONED SOMETHING ABOUT A TOURNAMENT LAST MONTH WHEN I WAS HOME...



YES THE W.R.A.A. BOWLING TOURNAMENT, IT'S NEXT WEEK. I'VE QUALIFIED...

WELL, AFTER YOU GET THERE, THEN OPEN IT. MATEY, IT'LL HELP YOU WIN.



YES, JEAN HAD TAKEN UP BOWLING. ROBERT HAD SUGGESTED IT, AND LIKE ANY JEAN HAD PROVEN HERSELF VERY ADEPT AT HER CHOSEN SPORT...

JUST THINK! MY WIFE YOU WILL COME DOWN AND A CHAMPION BOWLER. SEE ME BOWL NEXT WEEK, WON'T YOU, HONEY?



OF COURSE, JEAN. WHERE'D YOU SAY IT WAS?

SPRINGDALE! THE W.R.A.A.'S ALLEYS THERE.



SPRINGDALE? BUT... BUT I THOUGHT THERE WAS A GOLF COURSE THERE.

THERE IS, AND TENNIS COURTS, AND A POOL. THE W.R.A.A. HOLDS ALL ITS TOURNAMENTS THERE. YOU WILL COME, WON'T YOU? I HAVE A RESERVATION FOR A DOUBLE ROOM...



WELL, I'LL, I'LL TRY TO MAKE IT, HONEY. AT LEAST I'LL STOP BY YOUR HOTEL TO WISH YOU LUCK!

OH, DARLING, I'LL MAKE YOU SO PROUD OF ME NOW... KISS ME GOOD-NITE!



**BOB SPEED OFF...** HEH, HEH, SO **BOTH** MY ATHLETIC WIVES WILL BE IN THE SAME TOWN AT THE SAME TIME. WELL... THIS OUGHT TO BE FUN. I'M LUCKY THAT "SMITH" IS A COMMON NAME. ANY AND JEAN WILL NEVER SUSPECT ANYTHING, AND IF I MORN IT RIGHT... NO ONE WILL BE THE WISER.



HEH, HEH, SO BOTH MY ATHLETIC WIVES WILL BE IN THE SAME TOWN AT THE SAME TIME. WELL... THIS OUGHT TO BE FUN. I'M LUCKY THAT "SMITH" IS A COMMON NAME. ANY AND JEAN WILL NEVER SUSPECT ANYTHING, AND IF I MORN IT RIGHT... NO ONE WILL BE THE WISER.



BUT THEN... HAVEN'T THE LAST THREE YEARS?



SPRINGDALE'S ONE HOTEL WAS A BUSTLE OF EXCITEMENT ON THE FIRST DAY OF TOURNAMENT WEEK. THE LOBBY WAS JAMMED...

SORRY, NO ROOMS. YOU HAVE A RESERVATION FOR ME... ALL FILLED UP. VAYTON FOR ME... MRS. ROBERT SMITH? SORRY... MRS. ROBERT SMITH? SMITHCHECKED IN THIS MORNING?



BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE. I'M MRS. ROBERT SMITH. HERE'S YOUR LETTER ACKNOWLEDGING MY RESERVATION...

OH, DEAR. THERE'S BEEN A MISTAKE. OBVIOUSLY THERE ARE TWO MRS. ROBERT SMITHS. I SEE YOU'RE FROM GENTLE CITY? THE ONE THAT REGISTERED THIS MORNING IS FROM LAREVIEW.



LAREVIEW? DID I HEAR SOMEONE MENTION LAREVIEW? THAT'S MY...

OH, MRS. SMITH, I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE HERE. THERE'S BEEN A TERRIBLE ERROR. LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO MRS. ROBERT SMITH.

SEEMS WE HAVE THE SAME NAME, HONEY. AND THE SAME ROOM RESERVATION.

LADIES? I HAVE A BRILLIANT IDEA! WHY DON'T YOU TWO SHARE THE ROOM? I SEE THAT'S A DOUBLE.

WELL, MY HUSBAND IS COMING DOWN TO SEE ME TO SEE ME PLAY.

SO'S MINE, BUT WE COULD DOUBLE UP UNTIL THEY STRAIGHTEN THIS BESS OUT.





OH, YES! WE'LL  
FIX THINGS UP  
THIS IS ALL  
OUR FAULT.

O'GOD,  
HONESTLY  
HANK'S  
AMY!  
WHAT'S  
YOURS?

JEAN!  
I  
BOYLE...

I PLAY GOLF  
ER...BOY?  
TAKE THESE  
BAGS TO  
ROOM 204.

ISN'T IT A COIN-  
CIDENCE... I MEAN  
US HAVING THE  
SAME MARRIED  
NAME!

WELL, HONEY...  
ROBERT SMITH  
IS AN awfully  
COMMON NAME!  
IN HERE...

I GUESS SO.  
MY BOB IS  
A TRAVELING  
SALESMAN...



HE IS? SO'S MINE? I  
HARDLY SEE HIM! ONLY  
ONE WEEK A MONTH!

HERE, BOY! THANKS.  
DID YOU SAY ONE WEEK  
A MONTH? THAT'S  
OUR ARRANGEMENT,  
TOO!

I GUESS ALL TRAVELING  
SALESMEN'S WIVES HAVE IT  
AROUND. THAT'S WHY I  
TOOK UP GOLF.

SAME HERE... WITH  
MY BOYLEING. IT GAVE  
ME SOMETHING TO DO!  
OH, I FORGOT...



MY HUSBAND GAVE ME THIS  
PACKAGE. IT'S A SUR-  
PRISE. I WAS SUPPOSED  
TO OPEN IT WHEN I  
GOT HOME...

THAT'S FUNNY! I  
HAVE ONE, TOO! HERE!  
SEE?

THE TWO GIRLS STRUGGLED WITH THEIR PACKAGES...  
TEARING THEM OPEN HEROICALLY...

WHAT THE...?

GOOD LORD!



AMY STARED AT THE SHOES WITH THE ONE RUBBER SOLE AND THE ONE LEATHER ONE...

THESE THESE ARE **BOWLING SHOES...**



JEAN STARED AT HER GIFT... SHOES WITH METAL CLEATS...

AND... THESE ARE **BOLF SHOES.**



THEN IT DAWNED UPON THEM. THEY LODGED AT EACH OTHER...

BUT... BUT I PLAY **GOLF!** AND I... **BOW!**



IN SILENCE THEY EACH RUMMAGED THROUGH THEIR SUITCASES, TOSING CLOTHES ASIDE.



AND WHEN THEY EACH FOUND WHAT THEY WERE LOOKING FOR, THEY HELD THE TWO PHOTOGRAPHS UP... COMPARING THEM...



SO THEY WAITED FOR ROBERT TOGETHER...

WHAT THE... HELLO, COME IN OUR **HUSBAND!**



THE NEXT MORNING, WHEN THE TOURNAMENT STARTED, THE JUDGES FOUND AMY ON THE FIRST GREEN OF THE GOLF COURSE, HER HAIR STRINGY, HER FACE PALE, SLEEPFULLY PRACTICING HER PUTTING...



AMY WAS USING ROBERT'S EYEBALLS...

AND THEY FOUND JEAN AT THE ALLEYS WHICH THEY CAME TO OPEN THEM UP, SHE WAS PRACTICING HER BOWLING...



JEAN WAS USING ROBERT'S EYELESS HEAD.

HEH, HEH! AND THE MORAL OF THE STORY DIDDIES IS DON'T BE A **MADAM** AND **SPORN** WITH A **SHAKE** WIFE OR YOU'LL **STINK** OUT IN THE **LAST** FRAME. AND HOBBY WILL TELL **POW**, BECAUSE **ONE** WIFE IS **FAIR** FOR THE **COURSE** SO IF YOU FEEL LIKE **FINNING** YOURSELF DOWN, DON'T **SPLIT** YOUR AFFECTION. **ONE** BAR IS ENOUGH FOR **ANY** **DUFFER!**

HEH, HEH! AND NOW, THE **OLD** **BITCH** WANTS TO WIND UP MY TERROR-BAG. 'BYE, NOW. REMEMBER **OLD** **BOLPER'S** NEVER DIE.



# THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HELLO, HELLO, IT'S YOUR *DICTIONARY* OF *DISBURSTING* DRAMA. THE OLD WITCH, READY TO *STIR UP* ANOTHER *STENCH-SMACK* IN MY CAULDRON HERE IN *THE MOUNT OF FEAR*, TO COME IN, KIDNAP, AND SET DOWN BY THE *FIRE*. THIS TIME, MY *MENUS* CONSISTS OF ANOTHER ADAPTION OF A TALE BY MY BOSS, BRADBURY. *REVOLTING* RAY, AS I AFFECTIONATELY CALL HIM. LISTEN TO RAY BRADBURY'S SUPERS...

## THE HANDLER

MR. BENEDET walked down the steps and out the gate, without once looking at his little mortuary building. He saved that pleasure for later. It was very important that things took the right precedence. It wouldn't pay to think with joy of the bodies awaiting interments in the mortuary building. No, it was better to follow his usual day after day routine. He would let the conflict begin...



MR. BENEDET knew just where to get himself engaged. He spoke with MR. RODGERS, THE DRUG-GIST, AND HE SAVED AND PUT AWAY ALL THE SLURS AND INTORATIONS AND INSULTS...



MR. BENEDICT ALWAYS HAD SOME TERRIBLE THING TO SET ABOUT A MAN IN THE FORMAL PROFESSOR, AND OUTSIDE THE DRUG-STORE, MR. BENEDICT MET UP WITH MR. STUYVESANT, THE CONTRACTOR.

GALHELLO, BENEDICT. HOW'S BUSINESS? ALL YER, YER? BET YOU'RE GOING AT IT **TOOTH AND NAIL**. DID YOU SET IT? I SAID **TOOTH AND NAIL**. AND HOW'S **YOUR BUSINESS**. MR. STUYVESANT?



AND ON IT WENT, PERSON AFTER PERSON.

SAY, HOW DO YOUR HANDS GET SO **COLD**? BENEDICT OLD MAN? THAT'S A **COLD SHAKE** YOU GOT THERE. YOU JUST GET SOME EMBALMING A **FRESH WOMAN**? YER, THAT'S **NOT BAD**, YOU HEARD **WHAT I SAID**? **GOOD, GOOD!** WELL...**GOOD** SAY?



MR. BENEDICT WAS THE LAKE INTO WHICH ALL REFUSE WAS THROWN. PEOPLE BEGAN WITH PEGGLES, AND WHEN MR. BENEDICT DID NOT RUFFLE, THEY HEAVED A STONE... A BRICK... A BOULDER.

THERE YOU ARE, NEXT CHOPPER? HOW ARE ALL YOUR CORNED-BEEFS AND FRIED BRAINS?



THAT WAS MR. FLINGER, THE DELICATESSER MAN. THERE WERE MORE, MANY MORE. THINGS WORKED TO A CRESCENDO. FINALLY, MR. BENEDICT TURNED WILDT AND RAN BACK THROUGH TOWN. HE WAS ALL READY NOW.

SOME BODY WASTE! ON YOU, MR. BENEDICT? HEY? SET IT? I SAID SOME **GOOD**.



THE AWFUL PART OF THE DAY WAS OVER. THE GOOD PART WAS NOW TO BEGIN! HE RAN EAGERLY UP THE STEPS OF HIS MORTUARY.



THE ROOM WAITED LIKE A FALL OF SNOW. THERE WERE WHITE HUMMOCKS AND PALE DELINEATIONS OF THINGS RECUMBENT UNDER SHEETS IN THE DIMNESS. MR. BENEDICT FLUNG OPEN THE DOOR.



HE WAS THE PUPPET-MASTER COME HOME.

HE STOOD FOR A LONG MINUTE IN THE VERY CENTER OF HIS THEATER. IN HIS HEAD APPLAUSE, PERHAPS. THUNDERED. THEN HE CAREFULLY REMOVED HIS COAT, GOT INTO A FRESH WHITE SHIRT, AND RUBBED HIS HANDS TOGETHER AS HE LOOKED AT HIS VERY GOOD FRIENDS.



HEH, HEH, HEH...

HE WALKED ALONG THE SLEEPING ROWS OF SWEETED PEOPLE. IT HAD BEEN A FINE WEEK, THERE WERE ANY NUMBER OF FAMILY RELICS LYING THERE. HE NOTED EACH NAME ON ITS WHITE CARD....



MR. BENEDICT LIFTED A SHEET AS IF LOOKING FOR A CHILD UNDER A BED...



HOW ARE YOU TODAY, MRS. SHELLMUND? YOU'RE LOOKING **SPLENDID**, DEAR LADY!

MR. BENEDICT PULLED UP A CHAIR AND REGARDED MRS. SHELLMUND THROUGH A MAGNIFYING GLASS...

MY DEAR MRS. SHELLMUND, DO YOU REALIZE, MY LADY, THAT YOU HAVE A **SEVERE** CONDITION OF THE FORESKIN AND **GREASE PIMPLES**. A RICH, RICH DIET WAS YOUR TROUBLE. TOO MANY **PROSTERS** AND **SPONGE CAKES** AND **CREAM DANDIES**. YOU ALWAYS **PRIDED** YOURSELF ON YOUR **BRAIN**, MRS. SHELLMUND...



BUT YOU **KEPT** THAT WONDERFUL, PRICELESS BRAIN OF YOURS AFOLOFT IN **PARFAITS** AND **FIZZES** AND **LIMEADES** AND **SODAS** AND WERE SO VERY **SUPERIOR** TO ME THAT **NOW**, MRS. SHELLMUND, HERE IS WHAT **SHALL HAPPEN**...



MR. BENEDICT DID A **HEAT** OPERATION ON HER, CUTTING THE SCALP IN A CIRCLE. HE LIFTED IT OFF, THEN LIFTED OUT THE BRAIN. THEN HE PREPARED A **CAKE** OF FRESH-TAKEN LITTLE SUGAR-BELLOWS AND SQUIRTED HER EMPTY HEAD FULL OF WHIPPED CREAM AND CRYSTAL, REMOVED STARS AND PROULIPS, IN PINK, WHITE AND GREEN, AND ON TOP HE PRINTED A FINE PINK SCROLL...



THEN HE PUT THE SKULL BACK ON AND SEWED IT IN PLACE AND HID THE MARKS WITH WAX AND POWDER AND WALKED ON TO THE NEXT TABLE...

GOOD AFTERNOON, MR. WREN. AND NOW IS THE **MASTER OF RACIAL HATREDS** TO MEAT **PURE**, **WHITE** LAUNDERED MR. WREN. **CLEAN** AS **SNOW**, **WHITE** AS **LINEN**. THE MAN WHO HATED **JEWS** AND **NEURDES**. DO YOU KNOW WHAT I'M GOING TO **DO** TO YOU, MR. WREN? FIRST, LET US **DRAW** YOUR **BLOOD** FROM YOU, INTOLEANT **FIENDS!**



THE BLOOD WAS DRAWN OFF...

NOW... THE INJECTION OF, YOU MIGHT SAY, **EMBALMING FLUID**.



MR. WREN, BROWN-WHITE, LINDEN PINE, LAY WITH THE FLUID GOING IN HIM, MR. BENEDICT LAUGHED. MR. WREN TURNED BLACK. BLACK AS DIRT. BLACK AS ASBEST.



THE SMALL MINI FLUID WAS... OFF!

MR. BENEDICT BEVERED WORTH'S HEAD, PUT IT IN A COFFIN ON A SMALL PILLOW, FACING UP, THEN HE PLACED ONE HUNDRED NINETY POUNDS OF BRICKS IN THE COFFIN AND ARRANGED THEM TO LOOK LIKE A BODY IT WAS A FINE ILLUSION.



MR. BENEDICT MOVED ON

AND HELD TO YOU, EDMUND WORTH. WHAT A HANDSOME BODY YOU HAD, POWERFUL, WITH MUSCLES PINNED FROM HIBE BONE TO HUBE BONE, AND A CHEST LIKE A BOULDER. WOMEN GREW SPEECHLESS WHEN YOU WALKED BY... MEN STARED WITH ENVY? AND NOW, HERE YOU ARE...



SINCE IT WAS A GROWING AND POPULAR HABIT IN THE TOWN FOR PEOPLE TO BE BURIED WITH THE COFFIN LIDS CLOSED OVER THEM DURING THE SERVICE, THIS GAVE MR. BENEDICT GREAT OPPORTUNITIES TO VENT HIS REPRESSIONS ON HIS HAPLESS GUESTS. HE HAD THE MOST UTTERLY WINDOUS FUN WITH A GROUP OF OLD MAIDEN LADIES WHO WERE WASHED IN AN AUTO ON THEIR WAY TO AN AFTERNOON TEA. THEY WERE FAMOUS GOSSIP, ALWAYS WITH HEADS TOGETHER OVER SOME CHOICE BIT. AN IN LIFE, ALL THREE WERE CROWDED INTO ONE CASSET, HEADS TOGETHER IN ETERNAL GOLD RETRIEVED GOSSIP.



THE OTHER TWO CASSETS WERE FILLED WITH PEBBLES AND SHELLS AND RAVELS OF SINGHAM. IT WAS A RITE SERVICE, EVERYBODY CRIED...



THOSE THREE INSEPARABLES, AT LAST SEPARATED?

HEP, HEM

NOT LACKING FOR A SENSE OF JUSTICE, MR. BENEDICT BURIED ONE RICH MAN STARK NAKED.



A POOR MAN HE BURIED WOUND IN GOLD CLOTH, WITH FIVE DOLLAR GOLD PIECES FOR BUTTONS AND TWENTY DOLLAR GOLD COINS ON EACH EYELID.



A LATER HE DID NOT BURN AT ALL, NOT BURN! HIM IN THE INCINERATOR...



HIS COFFIN CONTAINED NOTHING BUT A HOLE-CAT, TRAPPED IN THE WOODS ONE SUNDAY.



AN OLD MAN WAS THE VICTIM OF A TERRIBLE DEVISE. UNDER THE SILKEN COMFORTER, PARTS OF AN OLD MAN HAD BEEN BURIED WITH HER, THERE SHE LAY BEING MADE COLD LOVE TO BY HIDDEN HANDS AND THINGS. THE SHOES SHOWED ON HER FACE, SOMEWHAT...



SO MR. BENEDICT MOVED FROM BODY TO BODY IN HIS MORTUARY. THE FINAL BODY OF THE DAY WAS THE BODY OF ONE MERRIWELL BLYTHE, AN ANCIENT MAN AFFLICTED WITH SPELLS AND COMAS. MR. BLYTHE HAD BEEN BROUGHT IN FOR DEAD SEVERAL TIMES, BUT EACH TIME HE HAD REVIVED IN TIME TO PREVENT PREMATURE BURIAL. MR. BENEDICT PULLED BACK THE SHEET...



MR. BENEDICT FELL AGAINST THE SLAB, SUDDENLY SHAKEN AND SHOCK...



THE OLD MAN ON THE SLAB SAILED, ROLLING HIS EYES ABOUT IN HIS HEAD IN WHITE ORBITS...

OH, YOU DARK DARK THING, YOU ANGEL THING, YOU NO... FIEND, YOU MONSTER, GET ME UP FROM HERE! I'LL TELL THE MAYOR AND THE COUNCIL AND EVERYONE, OH, YOU DARK DARK THING! YOU DEFILED AND SAKIST, YOU PERVERTED SCOUNDREL... YOU TERRIBLE MAN...



THE OLD MAN SHRIEKED, FROTHING...

TO THINE THIS HAS GONE ON IN OUR TOWN... ALL THESE YEARS AND WE NEVER JONER THE THE THINGS YOU DID TO PEOPLE! OH YOU MONSTROUS MONSTER, THE THINGS YOU SAID! THE THINGS YOU DO!



MR. BENEDICT REACHED FOR A HYPODERMIC...

MR. BENEDICT STABBED MR. BLITHE IN THE ARM WITH THE NEEDLE. THE OLD MAN CRIED WILDLY TO ALL THE SHEETED FIGURES...

YOU'LL HELP ME!  
YOU OUT THERE, UNDER  
THE STONES, HELP  
ME! LISTEN!



THE OLD MAN FELL BACK. HE KNEW HE WAS DYING...

ALL, LISTEN! WE'VE DONE THIS  
TO ME, AND FOR, AND FOR, ALL  
OF YOU. HE'S DONE TOO MUCH,  
FOR LONG. DON'T TAKE IT!  
DON'T, DON'T LET HIM DO ANY  
MORE TO ANYONE!



MR. BENEDICT STOOD THERE...

THEY CAN'T DO  
ANYTHING TO ME...  
AND NEITHER CAN  
YOU!

OUT OF YOUR  
SHAWLS, HELP  
ME! TONIGHT,  
OR TOMORROW,  
OR SOON. BUT  
COME AND GET  
ME... THIS  
HORRIBLE  
MAN!



THE OLD MAN RAVED ON AND ON, GETTING WEAKER. THE ROOM WAS SUDDENLY VERY DARK. IT WAS NIGHT. IT WAS GETTING LATE. FINALLY, SMILING, THE OLD MAN WHISPERED...

THEY'VE TAKEN A LOT FROM YOU, HORRIBLE MAN.  
TONIGHT, THEY'LL... DO... SOMETHING.



... AND THERE WAS A CHAOS AND A SCREAMING, AND MANY SHADOWS... MOVING INSIDE AND OUTSIDE THE MORTUARY BUILDING IN SWIFT JERKS AND SHAMBLES. WINDOWS BROKE. DOORS WERE TORN FROM HINGES, LEAVES FROM TREES. IRON GATES CLATTERED...



... AND IN THE END, THERE WAS MR. BENEDICT RUNNING ABOUT, BUNNING ABOUT, VANISHING, AND A TORTURED SCREAM THAT COULD ONLY BE MR. BENEDICT HIMSELF...



AFTER THAT... NOTHING SUFT.



THE TOWN PEOPLE ENTERED THE MORTUARY THE NEXT MORNING. THEY SEARCHED THE MORTUARY BUILDING AND THEN WENT OUT INTO THE BRAYEYARD, AND THEY FOUND NOTHING BUT BLOOD, A VAST QUANTITY OF BLOOD, SPRINKLED AND THROWN AND SPREAD EVERYWHERE YOU COULD POSSIBLY LOOK, AS IF THE HEAVENS HAD BLED PROFUSELY IN THE NIGHT...



WHERE COULD HE BE?

HOW SHOULD WE KNOW?

WALKING THROUGH THE BRAYEYARD, THEY STOOD IN DEEP TREE SHADDS WHERE STONES, ROW ON ROW, WERE OLD AND TIME-EAZED AND LEANING. NO BIRDS SANG. THEY STOPPED BY ONE TOMBSTONE...



HERE, NOW! LOOK AT THIS...

FRESHLY SCRATCHED, AS IF BY FEEDBY, FRANTIC, NASTY FINGERS IN THE GREYISH, MOSS-FLECKED STONE WAS THE NAME: MR. BENEDET...



GOOD LORD!

LOOK... OVER HERE, THIS ONE TOO... AND THIS ONE AND THIS ONE...

A VILLAGER POINTED TO THE OTHER GRAVESTONES, UPON EACH AND EVERY STONE, SCRATCHED BY FINGER-NAIL SCRATCHINGS, THE SAME MESSAGE APPEARED: MR. BENEDET...



BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

THE TOWN PEOPLE WERE STUNNED...

HE... HE COULDN'T BE BURIED UNDER ALL THESE GRAVESTONES!



THEY STOOD THERE FOR ONE LONG MOMENT. INSTINCTIVELY THEY ALL LOOKED AT ONE ANOTHER NERVOUSLY IN THE SILENCE AND THE TREE DARKNESS. THEY ALL WAVED ONE AN OTHER WITH FUMBLING, SENSELESS LIPS. ONE OF THEM REPLIED, SIMPLY...



COULDN'T HE?



HEE, HEE! SO, THAT'S THE *DISH, DRAVE*, HAVE YOU FOUND IT A TASTY TALE. THIS BOY BRADBURY HAS WRITTE AN IMMORTALITY, WOULDN'T YOU SAY? WELL, THAT ABOUT WINDS UP THE GRIFT-KEEPER'S MAD, I'LL JUST POUR SOME BLOOD ON THE FIRE UNDER MY DAGGERON, LAP UP THE LAST TRACE OF THIS ISSUE'S CULINARY CONCOCTION, AND GET READY FOR MY NEXT HORROR HELPING, WHICH WILL BE IN THE MULLET-KEEPER'S MAD, THE WULT OF HORROR! 'BYE, NOW!



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*Roger Hirsch*  
NEW YORK

Thank you, Roger! Let's see how you did!



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was a 112 lb. 4th. WEAKLING.  
Look at Him NOW—  
A MOVIE-STAR HE-MAN!

from Weak to Ter  
**as YOU**  
can be  
**soon!**

**I GAINED 53 LBS. OF SHAPELY MUSCLES!**

Which of these  
**2 ME'S ?**  
is YOU ?  
THAT 112 LB.-6 FT.  
SPINDLE-ARMED  
**SISSY** was ME  
A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO



Roger Hirsch before

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